

THE
CHILD'S FRIEND.

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"THERE IS A SPIRIT IN MAN."

"Do you believe that there was ever such a thing as a ghost?" said a boy of about twelve years of age to his mother.

"What is the meaning, Harry, of the word ghost?" she replied.

"It means spirit, does it not?"

"Yes it does, and are there not such things as spirits in this world? And are we not ever in the presence of spirits?"

"What do you mean, mother?" said James, looking round the room.

"I mean, Harry, that we are now and at all times in the presence of spirits. Your father who is sitting there at his writing desk, and you and I who are talking together, are all spirits, far more really than we are bodies, for we know that our bodies must die and return to the elements of which they are composed, and that even while we live, they will, if we become old, so

change that our dearest friends can hardly know us; but we believe that our souls will remain the same forever."

Harry looked as if he was not quite satisfied with what his mother said; after thinking a little while he said: "Do you then believe in ghosts, mother?"

"No, my dear, not as people usually believe in them; I do not believe that we can with our bodily eyes see spirits, but I feel assured that we are in the midst of them, and I do not see why we should be so afraid of them as some foolish people are."

"In the midst of spirits, mother?" said Harry.

"Yes, dear; what is there strange in the idea? What would you call your true self, Harry, your body or your spirit which is now reasoning with me?"

"My spirit, mother, to be sure. I might lose much of my body and still be myself; but if I lost my mind, there would be no *me*, no myself."

"Is it not the same with your father and me, no matter what outward changes there might take place in us, if our minds remain, we should be the same to you, should we not?"

"Certainly, mother."

"Is this not true of all others? Are we not then all spirits? And what are ghosts but spirits—why should we fear them?"

"But mother, as you said we don't see our spirits, and I suppose when we are afraid of ghosts, we think we shall see them."

"And why should we fear to see them, my son? Are you afraid of the spirits of your friends? Are you afraid now? for spirits are around you now while we are speaking."

"But, mother, don't people who are afraid of ghosts think they are the spirits of those who are dead?"

"Yes, this doubtless is the reason why they fear them. But even if the spirits of the departed should appear to us, why should we fear them? Why should we not think it an especial favor that we are allowed to see a spirit with our mortal eyes?"

"I don't know, mother, but I suppose it is because it would be so strange to us."

"This may be one reason, Harry. We can know nothing about the nature of the spirits who have left their earthly bodies, but if our minds were in a right state, we should sooner desire than fear to see them. If a soul were to return here from the land of spirits, ought we not to rejoice at it, and be certain that it could come only on an errand of love to his brethren whom he had left in this prison-house as perhaps it seems to him? What then have we to fear from such beings? If we are in the habit of looking upon all human beings as spirits—of always thinking of ourselves as undying spirits, would not this world have a new beauty and interest to us? We should surely at least never fear ghosts; a spirit would be another name for a brother who had laid aside the decayed and outgrown garments which he was condemned to wear while he was in the world, and we should love and welcome and not fear him. If we always thought of our fellow beings as living souls, all those cruel disgusts and prejudices, which we feel towards them, on account of their external appearance or circumstances, would cease. Through the beggar's filthy rags, would always shine the immortal spirit which was born to live forever and ever and grow infinitely beautiful. We should not find our benevolence so cold, or our sense of justice so dull when we think of our

brethren in slavery, if through the wretched features disfigured by the cruel and brutalizing influence of the degrading bondage in which they are kept, and through the dark robe with which it has pleased the Father of all to clothe them, we saw in each, and all of them the undying soul with which they are endowed by their Creator, as truly, as their proudest, their most favored, and faultless oppressors. So you see, my child, that instead of teaching you not to believe in spirits, I would lead you to cherish the faith in their existence and continual presence. But most I would never have you forget that you are yourself an immortal spirit. One who ever acted upon this conviction has said, 'The fear of spirits is in reality nothing but the fear of death; for he cannot be afraid of spirits who is conscious himself of being an immortal spirit.' "

"It is hard, dear mother," said Harry after a few moments of thoughtful silence, "it is very hard to think of oneself or of others always as immortal beings."

"I know that, Harry, but so is every good and great thing difficult at first. I can perhaps help you a little, but after all you must depend upon your own efforts. 'The belief in immortality depends on virtue.' Jesus has said, 'If a man keep my sayings, he shall never see death.' He shall see only life, immortal life.

"Ask yourself when you have felt most conscious of your own soul; have you never been strangely aware of the power of your soul over your body? of its being a more real existence than your body? Think—have you had no such experience?"

"Yes, mother, I remember once when I thought nothing of my body, when I seemed all soul."

"When was that, Harry?"

"Last winter when I jumped into the water to save

Ned from drowning. Oh, mother, I cannot tell you all I felt. I did not think of my own life; I only thought of saving his. I felt nothing but my soul. My mind was so clear and so strong, I thought in a moment of holding his hands so as to prevent his clinging to me and pulling me down; and then in a moment I threw myself on my back and swam ashore with the other hand; and all seemed so easy to me, and when I saw him safe—O! I never was so happy in all my life."*

"And does not the remembrance of this experience show you how you can strengthen your faith in the existence and immortality of your soul? If you had been drowned in your effort to save your brother's life, can you believe that the power with which you were animated would have died with your body? Then you knew that your soul was master over its perishable companion."

"Yes, mother, I did not feel as if I could die then."

"Whether," continued the mother, "the spirits of the departed are ever seen in this world is a question of little consequence; but I should mourn over him who did not believe in their existence. To believe in the extinction of the human soul would be a greater misfortune than to have the sun covered with darkness to us; and to have every lovely and glorious thing in creation changed into sources of pain to our bodily senses. Better for a man to be shut up in the darkest and most loathsome prison and be true to his immortal nature, and to feel this faith glowing in his heart, than to live in freedom, in an earthly paradise without it. For, as the same teacher of immortality has said: 'In the night of his dungeon he knows that its iron gates cannot retain him, when these living walls in which his soul is imprisoned shall be rent by the voice of the Redeemer.'"

E. L. F.

* This is a true anecdote.

THE SONG OF THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAVE you not heard, in the sweet summer time,
A sound as of young birds singing,
When the beautiful earth is dressed in her prime,
And the woods with soft echoes are ringing?
It is I, It is I, in my gay summer's mirth,
Brightening the joy of the beautiful earth!

Seek my green coat in the long verdant grass,
I am there with my frolicsome bound,
But tread like a fairy—for as you pass,
Should I hear your light foot on the ground,
I cease my gay song, and you seek me in vain,
Or think me a leaf on the emerald plain.

And oh, such a leap! no soft summer wind
E'er toss'd leaflet so light or so high,
As the long double legs which I carry behind,
Bear me over the ground as I fly.
I beat my shrill drum, my light music you hear,
Softly chirping to summer its bright notes of cheer.

[The grasshopper lays its eggs in the autumn. It pierces the soil of the meadow with its pointed tail, and in the hole so prepared lays about a hundred and fifty eggs. In the spring, the tiny insect, apparently without wings, creeps out of each egg; the wings however are there; they are folded up, and in about twenty days, it has gained strength sufficient to expand them. It seeks the shelter of a thistle or a thorn to protect it from the rain, and to assist it in getting free from its outer covering, which it at last accomplishes. First the head comes forth, and the insect, with its long feelers and legs, works itself out of the old skin, which remains fixed to the plant. The grasshopper sings most during summer, particularly at sunset, but its hearing is so delicate that it stops its song at the sound of the slightest foot-fall.]—*Juvenile Miscellany of Facts and Fiction, London.*

FERDINAND; OR, THE TEMPTATION.

A TALE TRANSLATED FROM GOETHE.

[The following tale is earnestly recommended to the attentive perusal of every lad into whose hands it may fall, as containing a faithful record of the temptations to which all youths, but especially those who are in the employment of merchants, are exposed. It exhibits, drawn by a master-hand, a delineation of the first thought of dishonesty, gradually proceeding from the secret desire to the overt action. Here too, beneath the attraction of a fictitious narrative, is enforced the solemn Scripture doctrine, that suffering is the inevitable consequence of sin; while the conditions are clearly pointed out, on which the erring and repentant spirit may hope for the Divine assistance. There is no exaggeration in the feelings or the circumstances, the usual fault of fictitious moral tales. All is described according to truth and nature, and the broad foundation for a future virtuous character is laid in the principle and practice of self-denial, a point to which the attention of our young readers cannot be too carefully directed.]

It may often be remarked in families, that the children in their persons as well as dispositions, at one time exhibit the peculiarities of the father, and at another of the mother; and thus it frequently happens that a child unites the natures of both parents in a strange and surprising manner.

Of this a young man whom I shall call Ferdinand was a striking instance. His character reminded one of both his parents, and in his traits of disposition, their distinctive peculiarities were clearly marked. He possessed the light and joyous temperament of his father, with his propensity to enjoy the present moment, and a certain passionate way upon many occasions of regarding only

himself. But from his mother, as it appeared, he derived calm reflection, a sense of justice and propriety, and an inclination according to his ability to sacrifice himself for others. Hence it may easily be seen that those who were familiar with him, were frequently obliged, in order to understand his conduct, to resort to the hypothesis that the young man must indeed possess two souls. I omit various scenes which occurred in his youth, and relate one incident only, which brings to light his whole character, and which formed a decisive epoch in his life.

From his youth he had enjoyed the luxuries of wealth; for his parents had a good estate, and lived and brought up their children in a style becoming their means; and when the father spent more in society by play and expensive dress than was proper, the mother, being an excellent manager, contrived so to economize their daily expenses, that the general balance should remain and no deficiencies ever appear. Besides, as a merchant, the father was fortunate; many speculations into which he had plunged with great boldness proved successful, and as he delighted to live among men, he enjoyed in business also many connexions and much assistance.

Children, as aspiring natures, usually choose at home for their pattern, the person who seems most to live and to enjoy. They behold in a father who is self-indulgent, the exact model whereby they are to form their own mode of life; and as they very early attain to this insight, their desires and wishes usually stride forward, at a pace greatly disproportioned to the resources of their families. They soon find themselves obstructed on every side, and the more, because every new generation makes new and earlier requisitions; while parents on the other part, can generally afford their children no more than they them-

selves enjoyed at an earlier time, when every body was contented to live with moderation and simplicity.

Hence Ferdinand grew up with the disagreeable consciousness of being often destitute of what he saw his companions possessing. He wished to be behind no one in dress and a sort of liberality of living and deportment ; he desired to be like his father, whose example he daily witnessed, and was doubly anxious to copy, because he was not only prepossessed in his favor as a son for a parent, but he had noticed while yet a boy, that the man in this way passed a most agreeable and joyous life, and was esteemed and loved on account of it by every body. Hereupon Ferdinand had, as may be easily imagined, many disputes with his mother, since he was unwilling to wear his father's cast-off coats, but wished himself to be always in the fashion. Thus he grew up, and his wants were so constantly outgrowing his means, that at length, when eighteen years old, there was no longer any proportion between himself and his condition.

Thus far he had contracted no debts, for his mother had inspired him with the greatest horror of them ; she had endeavored to retain his confidence, and in many cases had done her utmost to gratify his wishes or to extricate him from little embarrassments. Unfortunately, she was compelled to be more parsimonious than ever in her housekeeping, just at the period of life when, as a young man, he looked still more at externals ; when on account of a fancy he had taken for a very pretty girl, he went into more company, and was anxious to appear, not only on an equality with others, but to surpass them and be a favorite. She began, instead of complying as before, with his demands, to appeal to his reason, to his kindness of heart and affection for her, and while she convinced,

without converting him, she actually reduced him to desperation.

He could not change his present connexions without losing all which was as dear to him as life. From his early youth he had been in opposition to his situation; he had grown up together with all which surrounded him; he could not tear away a thread of his various ties, societies, promenades, pleasure parties, without at the same time offending an old school friend, a playfellow, a new distinguished acquaintance, and, what was worst of all, his love.

How highly he prized his attachment, may be easily understood from the fact, that it flattered alike his senses, his intellect, his vanity, and his ardent hopes. One of the prettiest, most agreeable and wealthy maidens in the city, was preferring him, at least for the moment, to his many rivals. She permitted him to display his devotion to her, and appeared, upon her part, proud of their mutual chains. It now became his duty to accompany her every where, to spend time and money in her service, and to show, in every way, how highly he prized her favor, and how indispensable it was to him to obtain her.

This intercourse and this object of exertion occasioned Ferdinand greater expense than under other circumstances would have been natural. She had been expressly entrusted by her parents to a very eccentric aunt, and many devices and singular arrangements were needed, for introducing Ottilia, this ornament of society, into company. Ferdinand exhausted himself in contrivances to procure for her the amusements of which she so willingly partook, and which she knew how to heighten for every one who was around her.

And to be called at this very moment by a loved and

honored mother to entirely different duties, to see no help from this quarter, to feel so strong an abhorrence of debts which could furnish no long respite to his situation; to be regarded too by every body as well off, and generous, and to experience the daily and pressing want of money—was indeed one of the most painful situations in which a young spirit, agitated by passion, could find itself.

He now held more firmly to certain ideas which had before only lightly passed before his mind; certain thoughts which formerly disturbed him but for a moment, hovered longer before his spirit; and certain feelings of vexation became more lasting and bitter. If he had before regarded his father as his model, he now envied him as his rival. Of every thing which the son desired, the former was in possession; in all wherein the one was straitened, the other was at ease. The question indeed did not pertain to necessities, but only to what the father might be able to do without. Moreover, the son believed that the father ought many times to do with less, that he himself might enjoy the more. The former, on the contrary, was of a wholly different mind. He was one of those men who allow themselves a great deal, and who on this account find it necessary to refuse a great deal to those who depend on them. He had set apart a certain allowance for his son, and required from him a satisfactory report, or rather, a precise account, of its expenditure.

Nothing sharpens the eyes of men more than the being restricted. For this reason, women are altogether more shrewd than men; and to no one are subjects so attentive as to their ruler, even when not pretending to make him their example. Thus the son attentively observed

all his father's transactions, especially those pertaining to the spending of money. He listened more closely, whenever he heard that his father had lost or won at play ; he judged him more severely, when he capriciously indulged himself in any extravagance.

Is it not strange, said he to himself, that parents, while satiating themselves with enjoyments of every kind, while using, solely according to their fancies, the wealth which chance has bestowed on them, should exclude their children from every becoming gratification, just at the time when youth is most susceptible of enjoyment ? What right have they to do this, and how did they attain to it ? Shall chance alone determine, and can that be a right which chance effects ? Were my grandfather still living, who loved his grandchildren as well as his own children, I should have fared much better. He would not have suffered me to want for necessities ; for is not that a necessary, which is essential to the condition in which we were born and brought up ? My grandfather would have been as far from leaving me destitute, as from consenting to the prodigality of my father. Had he lived longer, had he clearly discerned that his grandson too, deserved to have some enjoyment, he would probably have determined my earlier prosperity by his testament. Indeed, I have heard that my grandfather was overtaken by death, when intending to make another last will ; and so, mere chance has probably deprived me of my earlier portion in the estate which I may now lose forever, if my father goes on with his present management.

With these and other sophistries upon right and possession, upon the question whether we are obligated to obey laws or institutions to which we have not given our con-

sent, and how far men may be permitted tacitly to set aside the civil laws, he frequently busied himself in his solitary hours of chagrin, when obliged to decline a party of pleasure or any other agreeable entertainment, from mere want of cash. For he had already trafficked away his little valuables, and his usual allowance of pocket-money was altogether insufficient.

His heart shut itself up, and it might be said, that at those moments he had no regard for his mother, who could not assist him, and he hated his father who, as he thought, constantly stood in his way.

At the same time, he made a discovery which still more excited his indignation. He ascertained that his father, so far from being a good, was a very disorderly manager. For he frequently took money in a hurry from his writing desk, without making a minute of it, and afterward began to count and reckon over and over, seeming vexed at the deficiency in balancing his accounts. The son observed this a number of times, and it was the more offensive to him, as all the while he was experiencing actual want, while his father only had to put in his hand and take out the money.

A singular accident coincided with this state of mind, and presented him with an inviting opportunity for doing that, to which he had felt only a dark and indefinite impulse.

His father gave him a commission, to look over and arrange a trunk of old letters. One Sunday, when he was alone he carried it through the chamber where the writing desk stood, which contained his father's cash. The trunk was heavy: he had taken it up awkwardly, and wished to put it down for a moment, or rather, only to support it. Not being able to hold it, he struck it with

violence against the corner of the writing desk, the cover of which started off. He now saw lying before him all the rouleaus which he had so often stealthily eyed; he put down his trunk, and without thought or reflection, took away a rouleau from the side where his father appeared usually to take the money for his capricious expenses. He closed the writing desk again and tried striking the side; every time, the cover started up, and it was just the same as if he had had the key of the desk.

With more eagerness than ever, he now again sought every gratification, which he had been obliged hitherto to forego. He was more assiduous towards his fair one; whatever he did and purposed was more passionate; his vivacity and agreeableness had changed to a vehement, almost even wild demeanor, which did him no harm, though it was serviceable to no one.

Opportunity is to inclination, what the spark is to the loaded weapon, and every inclination, which we gratify in opposition to conscience, constrains us to an excessive expenditure of physical energy; we behave like wild men afterwards, and it becomes difficult to hide the outward expression of the struggle.

The more his inward consciousness was against him, the more did Ferdinand accumulate ingenious arguments upon one another, and just so much the more freely and boldly he appeared to act, as he felt himself shackled in one direction.

Just at this time all kinds of worthless trinkets were the fashion. Ottilia loved to bedeck herself; he sought the means of making her presents without her knowing from whence they came. The suspicion was thrown upon an old uncle, and Ferdinand was doubly gratified when his fair one revealed to him her delight at the presents and

her conjecture respecting her uncle. But in order to procure for himself and her this pleasure, he was obliged repeatedly to open his father's writing desk, and this he did with less care, as his father had at different times put in and taken out money, without noting it down.

Soon afterwards Ottilia was obliged to go away for several months to her parents. The young people were extremely grieved at having to part, and one circumstance made their separation of still more consequence. Ottilia learned by accident, that the presents came from Ferdinand. She insisted that he should take them back, and this demand occasioned him the bitterest anguish. He plainly declared to her that he neither could nor would live without her; he entreated her to preserve her kindness for him, and conjured her not to refuse him her hand as soon as he should be able to offer her a home. She loved him, she was moved, and agreed to his wishes.

After her departure Ferdinand felt very solitary. The company in which he had been accustomed to see her charmed him no longer, when she was wanting. It was from habit alone that he still visited his friends or places of amusement, and only with reluctance did he still a few times dip into his father's treasure, to defray expenses to which he was urged by no passion. He was frequently alone, and the good spirit appeared to gain the ascendancy. In calm reflection he was amazed at himself, that he had been capable of carrying through in such a cold and devious manner, those sophistries concerning right and possession, concerning the title to another person's property, or by whatever name such pretensions should be called, and of thereby glossing over an unlawful action. It gradually became evident to him, that only truth and fidelity render men worthy of esteem, that the good man especially, must by his life put the laws themselves

to shame, while another may endeavor either to evade them, or to turn them to his own advantage.

In the mean while, before these true and just ideas had become quite clear to him and had led to decisive resolutions, he was still subjected sometimes, under pressing emergencies, to the temptation of drawing from the forbidden source. But he never did it without repugnance, and only when dragged as it were by the hair by an evil spirit.

At length he braced himself up and formed the resolution, first of all to make the act impossible for himself, by informing his father of the condition of the lock. He conducted artfully ; carrying the trunk with the letters now placed in order, through the chamber when his father was present, he purposely hit it against the writing desk, and how astonished was the father at seeing the lid start up. They both examined the lock, and found that the wards had been worn away by time, and that the bolts were loose. The whole was immediately repaired, and Ferdinand had not enjoyed a more agreeable moment for a long time, than that in which he saw the money so effectually secured.

But this was not enough for him. He also determined to gather together again the sums which he had abstracted from his father, the amount of which he well knew, and to restore them to him in some way or other. He now began to live in the most frugal manner, and to save in the only way he could, from his pocket-money. To be sure, what he could thus retain was little, in comparison with what he had before squandered ; in the mean while, the sum already seemed large. And there is undoubtedly an immense difference between the last dollar one borrows, and the first one pays off.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE NEXT NUMBER.]

"HOPE IN GOD."

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF S. A. MAHLMAN.

HOPE, my heart, in patience hope,
Thou at last thy flowers shalt gather ;
God is full of tender love,
Childlike speak thou, to thy Father.
From believing, trusting hearts,
The God of mercy ne'er departs.

Clouds may come, and clouds may go,
Rest upon his goodness always ;
To these joyful sunny heights
Lead these rough and gloomy pathways :
Wakes for aye His Eye of Light,
Tremble not in storm and night.

Anchored on the Eternal Rock,
To the heart of God fast clinging,
Tell Him all thy deepest woes,
Before Him all thy sorrows bringing ;
He is kind, and comfort gives
To every sorrowing heart that lives.

Let true faith, strong courage give ;
Strength the Helper now is sending ;
Soon thou'lt understand his ways,
Soon thou'lt find thy sorrows ending.
God ! who life, and goodness art !
In patience hope in Him, my heart.

E. L. F.

THE world is governed by laws-not all calculated for
man ; but man's nature is fitted for all changes and
chances.

C. FOLLEN.

THE BETRAYAL.

No events in history are more deeply interesting than some of those towards the close of our Savior's ministry. Independent of the supernatural power of our Savior, and if his labors and sufferings had had no connexion with the religious welfare of mankind, even then the story of his life would be deeply interesting and affecting. We propose to consider some of those events of his life from the time of his going up to Jerusalem to attend the Feast of the Passover, the last of the kind which he attended, to that of his being arrested in Gethsemane. The Feast of the Passover was one of the great annual national feasts observed by the Jews. It was instituted to commemorate the mercy of God, in sparing *their* children at the time just before their emancipation when he destroyed the first-born of the Egyptians. All the men were required to be present unless sickness or casualty should prevent. The women were not under direct obligation to appear. But at a feast designed as this was, to commemorate a social mercy, it is not strange that mothers and sisters should, as they did, volunteer to participate. This feast occurred in the month of the Jewish year nearly corresponding with our April. Jerusalem was the place of its observance. The law required that not less than ten should constitute a family at this feast, and that for each family a lamb should be dressed, and without being cut in quarters or parts, be cooked and served upon the table whole; and that bitter sallads and unleavened bread should be partaken with it.

Jerusalem, at the time of this feast, from year to year must have been overrun with company. All dwellings, it is said, were hospitably and gratuitously thrown open at such seasons for the accommodation of strangers, and it is marvellous, even under that custom, how such numbers could find decent shelter. Each family residing in the Holy City, would contract itself within narrow limits in its dwelling, and vacate and fit up for the reception of strangers as many apartments of its house as could possibly be spared. On the evening, or on the Sabbath evening before the Passover Feast, Jesus and the twelve supped at Bethany at the house of Simon the leper, whom it is not improbable he had on some previous occasion healed. Bethany was the home of Martha and Mary whose brother Lazarus he had raised from the dead. It was while they were partaking this repast that Mary poured the precious ointment upon the Savior's feet, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. The disciples rebuked her for such wasteful extravagance. Judas especially seemed indignant. But the Savior defended her conduct, for he knew from what pure motives—what sincere and grateful emotions it proceeded. Judas felt the reproof of Jesus so keenly that he left the house and proceeded to Jerusalem, where he covenanted with the priests to deliver his master ere long into their hands. On the following morning Peter and John were sent into the city to engage an apartment suitable for Jesus and the twelve, and prepare the paschal supper. Jesus told them to go towards Jerusalem, and that as they should enter the city, they would meet a man bearing a pitcher of water; that they must follow this man, and enter the house which he entered; and they would there find a large upper room proper for their accommodation, and

which by asking for they might obtain. These two disciples obeyed the command, and found all as their master had foretold. We may imagine them going to the court of the temple, purchasing and bearing home a lamb and cooking it themselves. In the evening came Jesus with the other apostles. He with his chosen twelve constituted the paschal family. At the proper hour they reclined around the table to partake together of the meal which Peter and John had prepared. More than a year had now passed since Jesus commenced his public ministry, and during this period he had given instructions and wrought miracles which had impressed thousands with wonder and delight. The chief priests, scribes and elders had begun to be jealous of his influence; and as most of them had no true dignity, and no title to respect except what their offices conferred, it was natural that they should. They feared that he would overturn and abolish their system of worship, and thus deprive them of the posts of dignity which they held. In this spirit of selfish fear, and envy, and jealousy, they desired that Jesus should be put to death as soon as a safe opportunity to do it should occur. But as among the multitude now in their city there were probably many who believed on him, they feared to do anything against him openly. Judas in some way had learned their feelings and wishes, and under an impulse of indignation, disappointment and cupidity, had, on the previous evening, bargained with them to point out to them a time during the week when they might with safety lay hands on his Master. Jesus and the twelve have, as I have described, assembled around the table to partake together of the paschal supper. They are by themselves and feel at ease. The latter are conversing about their journey thither, of the

multitudes and varieties of persons whom they have passed on the way, or met since their arrival. With grateful hearts they refer to the mercy which this feast commemorates. They speak of friends left at home who were too sick, or too young, or too old to come to the festival; or of some cure which their Master during the day has wrought, and of its effect upon those who have witnessed it or received its benefits.

But as they thus converse, they all at once perceive that their Master is not attending to their conversation. He looks as if something painful was in his thoughts. At once each voice is hushed and there is perfect silence around the board. In calm yet plaintive tone the Savior speaks, and such his voice that even his reproofs were pleasant to the ear. He breaks the awful silence by announcing that one among their number was about to betray him! They look at him in bewildered astonishment and sorrow. He had before declared, that he was soon to meet a violent death, but could it be that treachery in one of themselves was to deliver him to it? Could it be that among their number was a traitor? Such had been the Master's declaration, and they knew from his look—from his voice—from his life that he could not trifle, and it must be true. Each feels no suspicion of the others, but examines himself; and the question—not is it my *neighbor*—but is it I? breaks from every voice. And with all except Judas the inquiry was sincere. He, to avoid being suspected by the others, and not expecting to be answered; or else in such perturbation as to take no thought upon his words, repeats the same inquiry. An intense curiosity pervaded the minds of the innocent eleven to know to whom the Savior in his charge of treachery had referred. John was known to be in his

Master's confidence, and was nearest him. The impetuous mind of Peter could hardly remain quiet. He therefore beckoned to John to inquire privately of Jesus who was to be the traitor—which John in a whisper did. And his inquiry by a significant act and in a low tone was answered, and the information soon found its way to every mind around the table.

It was an awfully trying moment for Judas. No sooner was his guilt and treachery thus known than he rose from the table and left the apartment. As he was going out, Jesus requested that what he did should be done quickly. When the services of this Passover supper were nearly ended, and before the apostles left the table, the Savior took bread and wine, and giving thanks offered them to his disciples, requesting that they should be received as emblems of his body soon to be broken, and of his blood soon to be shed for them. He requested that they from time to time in like manner should partake of bread and of wine in memory of him. This would be his last opportunity of being with them at a social and religious festival. Exalted as was his character and vast as were his powers, he still possessed human sympathies and human desires. He had the same affectionate desire of being remembered which is found in men. This do in remembrance of *me*, was his request. Not only in remembrance of the truths he had taught, but in remembrance of himself,—of his personal efforts, trials, and sufferings.

When this repast was ended, and after they had sung a hymn, Jesus with the eleven who continued true to him went to the Mount of Olives. Not feeling safe in the city he wished to withdraw. And furthermore he desired to be alone. He was soon to meet death and

wished an opportunity for prayer and meditation. He was soon to be separated from his apostles and to leave in their charge the work which he had begun, and he wished to give them his parting counsel. It was now evening. The full moon, as we may imagine, had been shining brightly, but now the heavens were overcast, and it was dark. The orbs on high refused to shed their light on the deed soon to be transacted in the garden. They proceeded from Jerusalem, crossed the brook, and soon came to the garden of Gethsemane. This garden was situated at the foot of the Mount of Olives—a mile distant from the temple—half a mile from the brook Kedron. Arrived at this garden, which was a favorite resort with them, Jesus requested his apostles, excepting Peter, James and John, to remain where they were, while himself and those three should proceed further. He had counsels to give and words to utter which he wished to express more privately than to the eleven. They complied with his request. He was now in an olive grove. The darkness of the night and the thick spreading branches of the trees combined to shelter his retreat. No human being was at hand save his three particular friends. No one would hear his words except God and those friends. But such were the feelings weighing upon his heart that the society of these his most intimate friends was not satisfactory. His fate in all its horrors was known to him, and he could not even to *them* express his feelings. No human sympathy could soothe his troubled mind. Communion with God was what his spirit craved, and the sacredness of that communion he would have no human presence interrupt. He therefore requested the three to tarry where they were, and after admonishing them to be watchful and

prayerful, he himself proceeded forward alone. A vivid anticipation of torture and death; of separation from friends and from earth oppressed his soul with sorrow. In agony he fell upon his face and fervently prayed that if possible his fate might be altered. But ardent and earnest as was his desire to escape impending evil, he was submissive to God's will. He wished to be saved from the indignities and pains, but not unless it was consistent with his Father's will.

Let us turn for a moment to the traitor. Judas, as an apostle tells us, was a thief. The instructions of Jesus had failed of their usual effect upon his foul and rebellious heart. Intercourse with the other apostles had not purified his character. His piety was but an outward show. It was a custom with the Savior from time to time to withdraw from the noise and bustle of his public ministrations for more private meditation and conversation with the twelve, and in order to explain to them the parables he had spoken in public. In meetings of this nature, we may suppose, Judas found no satisfaction. While the others responded to the sentiments of their Master, and delighted to hear his exhortations to duty, Judas felt restless and uneasy. His guilty heart the while was condemning him. Shame would flush his cheek, and fear and anger agitate his mind. *He* knew how selfish and corrupt were his motives, but had always fancied that his comrades did not. He had even thought that Christ believed him honest; though on this point at times he had had his doubts. In the absence of respect for himself, he had found some comfort in the thought that he possessed the respect of his associates. But when the Savior at the table announced his treachery, this last and feeble prop to his superficial virtue was

taken away. Longer communion with them he could not endure, and accordingly he immediately and forever left their company. Behold him descending from the guest-chamber, and winding his way by night through the Holy City, to the palace, to meet the scribes and priests. He has now no friends. He is doing what he knows to be wrong. Solitary and sad he treads his way. Each sound is a terror to his ear. Each object and each shadow seems a foe. His conscience, his God, and all good men condemn his present action. He falters—he stops—what shall he do? Shall he proceed or shall he return? He turns back thinking to abandon his purpose, and join again the apostles' company. But how shall he meet those good men? How come again into the presence of the Savior. He cannot—or rather he will not humble himself and do it. He turns again upon his course and rushes almost madly on and meets the priests. He informs them that the Savior may probably now be found at Gethsemane. By them he is placed at the head of a desperate and motley multitude, who armed with swords and clubs and such weapons as usually equip a mob, and with lanterns and torches in their hands, move on toward the garden which till now had been to Christ a safe retreat. Of the priests a part remain in session, awaiting the return, and part join in the active and wicked enterprise.

The Savior, in the agony of feeling we have described, has three times left the spot where his chosen friends are waiting, and three times made his fervent prayer. As he returns from this devotion, he hears at a distance the noise of the approaching rabble. His disciples, fatigued and wearied by the exertions and excitements of the day have fallen asleep. He is grieved at their want of sym-

pathy with his situation, rouses them from their repose, and rebukes their stupidity. Through the grove he descries an occasional glimmer of the torchlights. The voices—at first faintly heard, now ring discordant through the grove. He knows that his time to be delivered up has come. In a moment the armed band arrives. Mark the Savior's conduct. Without an effort at resistance he submits to be arrested, although he possessed power to escape, and knew he was innocent. In the indignation of the moment Peter drew his sword and smote off the ear of a foe. Our Savior did not commend his valor, nor express gratitude for *such* an attempt to defend his person, but rebuked his improper violence and healed the servant's ear. Still the Savior did not silently submit to their mean and unjust treatment. He asks them if they have come out as against a thief or robber, and reminds them that if such had been his character they should have arrested him before, as they had had daily opportunities of doing when he was teaching in the temple. His disciples forsook him and fled, and Jesus was carried to trial.

From the conduct of Jesus in the events described we may learn a lesson of resignation and of the spirit in which misfortune, abuse and persecution should be met. Also that under such circumstances, if indeed we can ever be placed in such, there is a right way and a wrong way to defend one's self from insult. The right way was that which Jesus practised himself. The wrong way was that which he rebuked in Peter. In the conduct and fate of Judas, we are with warning power reminded that the way of the transgressor is hard. The seared conscience which for years had failed to control his conduct, came at length when he had committed the crowning outrage, to assert its authority, and so severe were its

inflictions that reason left him and life became insupportable. The betrayer and the betrayed are instructive examples to warn and to win. It is to be hoped that our familiarity with them will not destroy their power over us.

A. C.

PARABLE.

A SHIP trading to the east of Africa, left one of the hands on the shore of a fine bay, at his own request, that he might at his leisure collect such valuables as he could find, and bring them on board, when the vessel should stop for him. He went up and down on the coast; he admired at the transparent sky and the pellucid water. He walked into the country, following the windings of a stream. In its waters came down golden sands; they lined its shores—enough to enrich the whole crew;—precious stones,—the topaz and the amethyst, lay scattered on its banks. Now, our adventurer, neglecting these, busied himself with building up pyramids of uncertain sand, which the rain beat down in wet, and the wind blew clean in dry weather, or which fell of their own accord when left to themselves. So he continued for many days; and when at last the ship returned, deep freighted with dates, elephants' teeth, and precious gems, the master found our adventurer sitting tired and hungry amid his pyramids of sand, which could not be removed with him. "Thou foolish mariner," said he, "why leave gold and the topaz to pile up mountains of sand of no value?"

T. P.

A TRUE FAIRY STORY.

"You were asking me, Sophia, to tell you a fairy story; if you will come and sit on this bench by me under this great elm tree, I will show you something, out of which I think a fairy story might be made."

"Let me see, mother, what it is that a fairy story is to come from."

"Look in my hand, Sophia, and tell me what you see in it."

"Have you anything in your hand, mother?"

"Yes, I have. Come nearer and you will see something lying upon the palm of it."

"Oh, that little flat green thing! I thought it was a piece of a leaf."

"Examine it more closely, and you will see that it is not a piece of anything. It is whole, and its edges shew that it is double."

"Ah! so it is; it looks like a little green bag; a fairy bag, and there is a little piece of the string; it is not so big as my little finger nail, and there is something inside of it."

"Yes, there is something inside of it. We will suppose this something is the fairy of the bag: what do you think the fairy does with her bag?"

"I cannot think, mother, what she does with it. Pray tell me, for you understand fairy language, and I guess she has told you; perhaps it is her money bag, and that she goes about with it, giving to the poor."

"You are not far out of the way in supposing she gives to the poor, but you must know that she also gives to the rich."

"Why does she give to the rich, when there are so many poor?"

"This fairy has enough for both rich and poor, and she loves to dispense her favors to all. You know, Sophia, that fairies have not the same language with us, and that they are understood only by those who have watched them with love and reverence, and though I understand something of what they say, it is very little, but that little I will tell you. It was then one day in early spring, that one of this tribe of fairies came sailing towards me through the air in a boat not visible to the eye; I was sitting on a bank of moss, and she anchored in my lap. I took her up and examined her very closely; presently she was followed by another, and another in quick succession, and so on for some time. I looked towards the place whence they all came, and at last discovered it. Their home was a beautiful one, far above common dwellings; but they left it without a murmur, and came down amongst the dust, and laid themselves on the ground to be trodden under foot, and then disappeared. They entered the ground itself, and there they remained. When I saw this, I was sure they were upon some errand of love; that they did not exist merely to leave a happy home and then disappear in the dust. I then inquired more into their history, and found I was right. It seems that each bag has its fairy, and each fairy her appointed work. As soon as they enter the ground and are hidden from the sight of mortal eye, they commence a great and wonderful work, which waits only time to show all its worth. While in the ground the fairy of the bag bursts asunder her prison-house, and gradually makes preparations for another form of existence; she begins by making for herself strong defences against the trials she

may have in her new state ; she fortifies herself in every way, till at last she is prepared to appear again above the earth ; at first she is delicate and feeble, but she is so well guarded underneath, has so firm a foundation, that she is able to live through a great deal, and in short, gains power from the seeming evils that are about her ; in process of time she rises towards the skies, spreads herself abroad, and with her hundred arms extended in all directions, says to many different tribes ; ‘ Come to me and I will give you shelter, food, and home. I will cool the heated brow of the traveller, and defend him from the scorching rays of the sun ; he shall also delight himself in my beauty ; all that I have, even my life, all, are at his disposal.’ There are countless numbers of this tribe of fairies, and there is no fear about the continuance of their existence. One that has faithfully performed her appointed task, is rewarded by a host like herself who are ready to carry on their great work of benevolence. While these fairies undergo this great and wonderful change in appearance, so that this little green thing that I hold in my hand becomes a sort of caravansara, a general home for various tribes, whose customs and manners and modes of dress are all so wonderful and beautiful that they cannot be imitated,—during all this time, the fairy of the bag still remains unchanged, that she may carry on in the future her great work.

“ And now look up, Sophia ; in this beautiful green canopy over our heads, you see what this fairy has done for us. Listen to the birds who sing their songs of joy in these branches that have grown from the life in this little bag ; see those thousand insects getting their food from its massive trunk, and ask what it is, and who it is that works these wonders !”

"Is it so, mother? Did this great tree come from this little seed?"

"Yes, it was once a little seed like this."

"Well, mother, I think the fairy of the green bag has performed as great wonders as any I ever read of."

"The fairies that you read of, Sophia, are unreal beings, but this little bag is a real thing, and what it accomplishes is something real: you never thought before, that every ray of light, and every breath of wind, and every cloud, are continually performing their works of wonder, that they are the fairies with winged feet who never tire of their labors. Do you remember that morning last winter, when we all with one voice exclaimed upon the beauty of the trees that were covered with those delicate little frost feathers? Did it not seem as if some spirit had been abroad, touching every tree and bush with his wand of beauty, dressing them up with more taste than even Cinderella was?"

"Yes mother, I shall never forget how I felt that morning; it seemed as if every thing in the world was beautiful."

"You were then more conscious than ever before, of the presence of that perfect being in whose world you were standing, and whose works you were admiring. This is the language he uses to remind us that we too have an errand to perform, some work to accomplish, something to do for others. This little seed is one of the works of his hand; see what it can do; does it not tell us a true story? shall we not believe all it says of the power and the love of him who made it? When we take this truth into our minds, how shall we rejoice that we too came from his hand, and are to do greater works than this little seed.

s. c. c.

GOOD LITTLE VIOLET.

[CONCLUSION.]

BRIGHTLY the moon shone down into the fairy glen, on the night when their new queen was to be chosen. But the day which had passed, had subdued the enthusiasm of some for the beautiful tokens of industry, which had been exhibited, and they almost revolted from subjection to one who had been but a sister fairy.

They could not readily yield the crown to Tulip, Dahlia or Narsissus, but were interrupted in a scene, which was becoming quite too noisy, by the arrival of good little Violet, who glided stealthily into the ring, with trembling frame, shivering wings, and broken wand. The band gathered around their little pet, and reassured her by their fond caresses. Rose clasped her wings around the truant, and begged to hear her account of the year.

"O," said Little Violet, looking joyously upon the kind group which surrounded her, "you know not how sorrowful I was when our band was scattered for a long year—I had been so happy here with my sisters, who would always reward me with smiles, and fond words, for the little services I tried to render them, and who never thought the circle complete unless I could join in the ring.

"I dared not follow those who strayed away to other lands, or to caverns of the sea, and caves in the earth, for Queen Rose had bade us go alone; so when all were gone I returned to her to beg permission to attend her during the year. I promised to tend her well and obey

her slightest command ; to bring each morn the dew from the blue-bell, that she might bathe in its pure water, and to brush her wings at night when soiled with toil and travel. She refused this, and then I begged to be allowed to guard the wand, crown and royal robe which she had laid aside for the future queen. But she said this would be her own task, and that I must leave her. So I went sadly away, and thought I would try to endure the year until we all might meet again, and once more be happy. I tried to think why Rose had commanded me to leave her, and concluded that it must be to see what I could do alone. I knew I could never bring you any proof of skill, but I thought I might try to be kind, as I had always been with you ; so I wandered about to find some chance for doing good. I became very cheerful when I found that opportunities would never be wanting, for something was always in want of help.

I spliced the beetle's fractured leg,
Restored the spider's broken egg ;
I cured the hornet's wounded sting,
And nursed the fly with broken wing ;
I helped the ant with heavy load,
And raised again his crushed abode ;
I hung anew the wasp's old net,
Which was so worn with wind and wet ;
I helped the dum-bug dig his hole,
And burrowed for the poor blind mole ;
I loosed the cricket's stiffened thigh,
And laughed to see him jump so high ;
No thing with failing life or limb,
But found I was a friend to him.

One day I strayed to a little vale, which was the haunt of a poor, ragged, sickly child. It was a lovely place, but she knew it not, for her eyes could not comprehend

beauty ; she only knew that the sun sent down his warm rays upon her, that the cold winds never came there, and that she was secure from those who only thought her a trouble, in their poverty and toil.

“ Her countenance was too vacant to be sad, but O, how I wished that it might beam with happiness. I went, at night, to the bank where she was wont to sit, and raised the moss, which she had pressed down, until it was light, soft and fragrant again. The flowers, which she had crushed, I restored to beauty ; and I brought the nests of the sweetest birds, and hung them among the branches of the trees. Then, when she came at morn, I watched for a smile ; but, though it came not, I saw that she was less unhappy. When she came to the running brook, I mingled my voice with its glad murmurs, and it sent forth a joyous melody. She stood bewildered, like one in a dream, and lingered till the chill breezes of evening bade her depart. But she came early the next morn ; and, after that, she never neglected to come each sunshiny day. I was happier than she when I marked her first smile. It was when I had restored the glen to beauty after a wild storm. She found her flowers as bright and beautiful as ever. The birds sang so sweetly, and the streamlet sent forth a joyful chorus.

“ Happiness breathed upon her soul, and warmed it into life. A human soul ! how great must be its capacities for enjoyment—how it can thrill with joy, and expand with bliss. A soul ! I had never possessed one myself, but I had now given one to another. From that time the woodland child was happy. The flowers, which grew around her so large, bright and beautiful—to her there was now expression in their bright eyes, and she could respond to the voices of the birds, and the music

of the streamlet. The stars, the clouds, the dew, the moonlight and shadows, were as though they had just been made for her.

“At length it came Midsummer Eve—the only night in the year when any, but a queen fairy, can make herself visible to mortals. I had longed for this night; for now, that the woodland child could enjoy the beauty of the vale, and be grateful to one who had helped to make it beautiful, I wished her to know that *I* had done it—I knew she would be happier to know why the vale had been thus beautified, and that an unseen friend had watched and cared for her. It was a lovely night—never, dear sisters, did the moon pour down a richer flood of radiance, even here, than shone in that secluded dell. The white clouds were so sharply defined, upon the dark blue sky, that they seemed like sculptures in bold relief; and the green earth, glittering with dew, was like one vast emerald, in which the light of day had been imprisoned, and was struggling to be free. I threw my voice, in soft whispers, upon the evening breeze, or sang with the stream, detaining the child until night was far advanced, when I softly revealed myself. We did not part till morn—and this was her bridal night. O she was very happy in this transient communion; when, by me, she became wedded to something higher than the material world. She never looked on me again; but her eyes had now been opened, so that henceforth she had visions of a spiritual world which I might never see. I know not what scenes of beauty were revealed to her, as she gazed into the deep blue sky, for I could never more comprehend the mysteries of a nature which is immortal. But one thing I knew—that she was dying—and then, for the first time I wished for the power of a queen

which can prolong life. I did not possess it, and could only see the fair child waste and fade, until she came to the dell like some faint shadow. Then she ceased to come, and I cared no longer whether it were beautiful. I went to her lowly home, and marked her, stretched upon her rude pallet. Could I not still do something to cheer her? I brought the most beautiful flowering vines, and trained them around the lattice, and bore the bright blossoms, upon my unseen wings, into her room. Though others thought it was the breeze, which brought such fragrance, yet she knew that I had come. Her smiles grew sweeter, but more faint and seldom, till one came upon her lips which might never pass away, for Death had fixed it there.

When I saw the dark grave in which they laid her, and from which they could never raise her, I was filled with an angry grief, and despised the limited power which I possessed. In my despair I broke my wand upon her grave, and then my passion was calmed. But I could not undo that dreadful deed; and then, I feared to meet you, my sisters, divested, by myself, of elfin power. Last night I lingered in the distance, but to-night I could restrain myself no longer, and meet you to tell you that I am no longer a sister fairy.

"Not our sister, but our queen!" shouted the fairy band, who could all unite in admiration of simple goodness; and Rose said, "There is yet another wand!" She brought the one which she had laid aside, and also the royal robe and crown; and the fairies arrayed Violet in the symbols of sovereignty. They laid at her feet their own trophies, and after reversing their wands, and crossing their wings, in token of subjection, they joined in a merry dance and song around Queen Violet.